POETRY & LIFE

HORACE & HIS POETRY

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HORACE & HIS POETRY

BY

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GENERAL PREFACE

A GLANCE through the pages of this little book will suffice to disclose the general plan of the series of which it forms a part. Only a few words of explanation, therefore, will be necessary.

The point of departure is the undeniable fact that with the vast majority of young students of literature a living interest in the work of any poet can best be aroused, and an intelligent appreciation of it secured, when it is immediately associated with the character and career of the poet himself. The cases are indeed few and far between in which much fresh light will not be thrown upon a poem by some knowledge of the personality of the writer, while it will often be found that the most direct—perhaps even the only—way to the heart of its meaning lies through a consideration of the circumstances in which it had its birth. The purely æsthetic critic may possibly object that a poem should be regarded simply as a self-contained and detached piece of art, having no personal affiliations or bearings. Of the validity of this as an abstract principle nothing need now be said. The fact remains that, in the earlier stages of study at any rate, poetry is most valued and loved when it is made to seem most human and vital ; and the human and vital interest of poetry can be most surely brought home to the reader by the biographical method of interpretation.

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by representation, the old system might have been reorganized and invigorated to serve for centuries to come. But such was not to be. The enfranchised Italians became citizens of Rome only in name; for most of them it was altogether impossible to visit a city so far away in order to record their hard-won vote. In fact, the Allies never really felt that they had been admitted into the commonwealth of Rome, and this perhaps explains their apathy with regard to the Republican cause when after Cæsar's death the crisis came. Thus the government of the Roman world still remained the privilege of the populace of one city, and was administered by members of the narrow oligarchy, whose way to office was paved by shameless bribery. Very few of the officials so chosen ever discovered that "the end of government is the happiness of the governed," but, using their power for their own selfish interests, they laid for themselves the foundation of colossal fortunes at the expense of the unhappy provincials. And so, by reason of corruption and injustice at home and misgovernment and rapine abroad, the Roman Republic tottered to its fall. Time had yet to show what system should be established in order to save Mediterranean civilization from ruin, but the fact that the people of Rome were ready to acquiesce in the rule of one man long before the title Augustus was conferred upon the first of the Emperors may be gathered from such anomalies as the five successive consulships of Marius, the unusual powers entrusted to Pompeius, and the dictatorships of Sulla and Cæsar.

The fourth decade of the first century before Christ is by no means the least interesting period in that eventful age. It began with the first consulship of Pompeius and Crassus, and ended with the so-called "First Triumvirate," in which the dominating force was Gaius Julius Cæsar—a statesman destined not only to surpass his colleagues in power and fame, but even to influence the history of all succeeding time. Within five years (a *lustrum*) of 70 B.C. the star of Pompeius had reached its zenith. By the Manilian Law of 67 B.C. he was entrusted by the Roman people with a command unique in the annals of the State. To clear the Mediterranean of those swarms of pirates who ravaged the coasts of the Great Sea and cut off the food-supplies of Rome, Pompeius, it was decreed, should hold command over that extensive seaboard and fifty miles inland, with power to dictate to all officials and to hold levies as he pleased. Armed with this extraordinary mandate, Pompeius in eighty days swept the sea from west to east and put an end to the depredations of those ancient "sea-wolves that lived upon the pillage of the world." Next year found him in charge of the war in Asia Minor against King Mithradates, in succession to the skilful but ill-starred general Lucullus, whose name, unfortunately for him, is remembered as that of a gourmet and not as that of a warrior. Not since the time of Hannibal had

Rome to meet such a stubborn foe as the Pontic prince, and for several years the activities of her great general were fully engaged. While Pompeius was settling affairs in the East, and Crassus was busy with his money-making schemes at home, Julius Cæsar was quietly pursuing the career he had mapped out for himself. Step by step he had advanced through the Course of Offices (*cursus honorum*) ; he was quæstor in 69, curule ædile in 65, and prætor in 63. This last year was marked by the conspiracy of Catiline, in which the prætor was supposed to be involved, and which was frustrated chiefly through the measures adopted by one of the consuls of the year, the famous orator, Marcus Tullius Cicero. Toward the end of the decade, Pompeius, who had returned from his victory over Mithradates to find himself and his veterans ignored by the jealous Senate, was driven into forming with Cæsar and Crassus that Coalition of Three which assumed for its members the privilege of assigning, as they thought fit, the powers and offices of the Roman State. The acts of Pompeius in the east were ratified, Crassus and his capitalist friends were appeased, and to Cæsar was allotted the consulship for 59 B.C., with the assurance of a lengthened proconsular command to follow.

Such is a brief review of those eventful years. It bristles with the names of men renowned in the history of Rome ; and within the same decade, too, we shall find recorded the birthdays (*dies natales*) of several others whose names were likewise to be written in the Book of Fame. In 70 B.C. Publius Vergilius Maro was born; about five years later Gaius Cilnius Mæcenas, *eques Romanus*, first saw the light; the year of Cicero's consulate claims the birthdays of Gaius Octavius, afterwards to be known as the Emperor Augustus, and of his greatest general, Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa; in 60 B.C. another great warrior was born, Marcus Valerius Messalla, to whom Titus Livius, the historian, and Albius Tibullus, the elegiac poet, are each junior by little more than a year. Surely no other decade in history contains the birth-years of so many famous men. Yet from our list we have omitted the name of one who in course of time was to share the friendship of all the others, and who, like his friends, was destined to join the goodly company of the immortals. It is the life-story of this "dear old pagan," Quintus Horatius Flaccus, that we shall now describe, and illustrate as far as possible from his own comments upon what he and others thought and did in the stirring times in which he lived.

II

MANY of the odes of Horace set forth details of his life—his pursuits, his friendships, and his aspirations—but in order to get a picture of Horace the *man* we must go to his more homely and communicative works, the "Conversations" and "Letters," or, as they are generally called, the "Satires" and "Epistles." With Horace, as with Cicero, it is the less formal and finished writings that lay bare to us the real character and temperament of the man. Of classical authors, these are the first to establish a personal relation with their readers, Cicero from the preservation of his correspondence, and Horace from his deliberate intention to share with all the world his private tastes and pleasures and with quaint but harmless egotism to unfold the story of his life. In doing this the poet, with his usual modesty, does not lay claim to originality; he is simply following the example of one whom he terms "a better man than you or I," Gaius Lucilius, the first outstanding writer of Latin satire.

> Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
> accessit fervor capiti numerusque lucernis;
> Castor gaudet equis, ovo prognatus eodem
> pugnis; quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
> milia. me pedibus delectat claudere verba
> Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.
> ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
> credebat libris, neque si male cesserat usquam
> decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit, ut omnis
> votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella 10
> vita senis. sequor hunc, Lucanus an Apulus
> anceps;
> nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
> missus ad hoc, pulsis, vetus est ut fama, Sabellis,
> quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis,
> sive quod Apula gens seu quod Lucania bellum
> incuteret violenta.
>
> Sat. II, i. 24-39.

HORACE & HIS POETRY

In the year in which the ædile Cæsar, by lavish expenditure on public buildings and shows, was ingratiating himself with the Roman plebs, and incidentally running himself head over ears into debt, the consuls were Lucius Aurelius Cotta and Lucius Manlius Torquatus.[1] Thus when Horace addresses a wine-jar in the words

> O nata mecum consule Manlio,
> . . . pia testa . . .
> descende,
>
> Odes, III, xxi. 1, 4, 7.

we at once get a clue to the year of his birth. This year is confirmed and the month of December suggested in an epistle to be quoted later (ll. 1362-64), while on the authority of an old biography of the poet—attributed to Suetonius—the eighth day of the month is the generally accepted *dies natalis*.

From such references as that in l. 12 of our extracts we learn that Horace was born at Venusia. This town, the modern Venosa, is situated in Apulia, close to the border of Lucania. It was an old Roman colony, founded, as the poet tells us, on the expulsion of the Samnites (291 B.C.). Venusia lay on the northern slope of the "olive-sandalled" Apennines, and through it passed the queen of Roman roads, the Via Appia, along which came and went the traffic between Rome and Brundisium. The town had grown into a trading centre of considerable prosperity, and remained down to the time of Horace a great military station (*cf.* "pueri magnis e centurionibus orti"). The surrounding country, with its mountains and forests, early impressed itself upon the mind of the poet, and inspired him with a love of nature which finds expression all through his works. A few miles to the north-west of Venusia the extinct volcano Mount Voltur rose to the height of 4500 feet. Round its base ran the Aufidus, which in the rainy season came roaring down through a gorge in the hills to flow more gently over the plain of Daunia into the Adriatic Sea. The whole country to the south of Venusia is wild and picturesque, "meet nurse for a poetic child," and though Horace left the locality when a mere boy, the accuracy with which he applies the appropriate epithet to its various features is a proof of his keen power of observation and of his excellent memory. In the forests scattered here and there among the foot-hills of Apulia boars and other wild animals are still hunted.

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[1] This consul's cognomen is used in Epode XIII, 6, to indicate the same year:

"Tu vina Torquato move consule pressa meo."

III

HORACE'S father had been a slave, and was therefore of foreign extraction. What his nationality was we are not told, but the probability is that he was a Greek; the shrewdest and most learned slaves in Roman service, we find, generally came from Hellas or her colonies. A former biographer of the poet, in suggesting that Horace had Greek blood in his veins, thus pointedly alludes to his Hellenistic sympathies: "De Horatii gente nihil constat, nisi fuisse eum quod et ipse prodit, libertini generis et patria Venusinum: crediderim etiam et domo Græcum, quod nusquam Romano more in Græculos desæviat, immo quandoque eos collaudet et vel Romanis suis anteferat."[1] This surmise would also tend to account for Horace's exceptional knowledge of the Greek tongue, for though he afterwards studied its grammar and literature at Rome and Athens, his acquaintance with Greek idiom and rhythm indicates more than a merely acquired knowledge. Like sons of foreign residents in most countries, Horace, no doubt, would grow up bilingual.

No matter what the elder Horace may have been by descent, in spirit he was a thorough Roman, simple, practical, and endowed with such heaven-sent mother-wit (*crassa Minerva*) as the son attributes to the rustic sage Ofellus. Before the future poet was born his father had become a freedman (*libertinus*), and out of his savings he had managed to purchase a small farm. By profession he was a *coactor*—that is, either a collector of money at public sales (an auctioneer's clerk), or a sub-collector of taxes. The Suetonian "Life" adds that he was a *salsamentarius*, or dealer in salt fish. At all events, he must have been a thrifty man, for besides acquiring the farm (*macer agellus*) referred to, he had saved enough to give his son a splendid and expensive education. Horace everywhere speaks of his father in terms of deep respect and affection, but nowhere does he allude to any other member of the family. From this we conclude that the poet was an only son, and that his mother died when he was an infant. Had Horace, with his sweet and loving disposition, remembered anything of mother or playmates their names would undoubtedly have been enshrined in his verse, and perhaps another "Ave atque Vale" added to the treasure-store of poesy. The only member of the paternal household to whom reference is made is a nurse, Pullia, with whom Horace spent a holiday among the hills, and from whose care on one occasion he wandered off and fell asleep in the woods, where, to the surprise of the neighbourhood, he was found covered with leaves of myrtle and bay, which the woodland doves had dropped upon him.

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[1] From the preface to Baxter's "Horace," London, 1809.

> Me fabulosæ Volture in Apulo
> nutricis extra limina Pulliæ
> ludo fatigatumque somno
> fronde nova puerum palumbes
> texere, mirum quod foret omnibus,
> quicumque celsæ nidum Acherontiæ
> saltusque Bantinos et arvum
> pingue tenent humilis Forenti,
> ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
> dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
> lauroque collataque myrto,
> non sine dis animosus infans.[1]
>
> Odes, III, iv. 9–20.

---

[1] For another reference to his childhood see ll. 637-42.

As was natural in the case of an only child, Horace spent much of his time in the company of his father, who seems early to have recognized the exceptional ability of the boy and to have tried by example and precept to guide him into a life of virtue and content. It was his Mentor's plan not to theorize on abstract good and evil, but to pick out from among their acquaintances examples of men addicted to some fault or other, and to indicate to the youth the consequences of their folly. This practical education on commonsense lines reminds one of the relationship between William Burnes of Alloway and his sons, to which a brother of the Scottish national poet thus refers: "My father was for some time almost the only companion we had. He conversed familiarly with us as if we had been men, and was at great pains, while we accompanied him in the labours of the farm, to lead the conversation to such subjects as might tend to increase our knowledge or confirm us in virtuous habits." It would appear that the instruction of Horace in the rudiments was also undertaken by his father, who, the poet tells us, "would not send me to the local school where the sons of the grand officers used to go at the cost of a few coppers per month, but when I was quite a youngster he had the courage to take me with him to Rome and give me an education there worthy of any senator's son." Nor would the old man entrust the clever boy to the usual *pædagogus* and attendants. In the following extract from a satire addressed to Mæcenas the poet gives his father credit for all the good that is in him, and paints a charming picture of the old man in the capital, trudging along contentedly by his side as he went the daily round of his tutors.

Magnum hoc ego duco,
quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum,
non patre præclaro, sed vita et pectore puro.
atqui si vitiis mediocribus ac mea paucis
mendosa est natura, alioqui recta, velut si
egregio inspersos reprehendas corpore nævos,
si neque avaritiam neque sordes ac mala lustra
obiciet vere quisquam mihi, purus et insons,
ut me collaudem, si et vivo carus amicis ;
causa fuit pater his, qui macro pauper agello
noluit in Flavi ludum me mittere, magni
quo pueri magnis e centurionibus orti,
lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto,
ibant octonis referentes Idibus æra ;
sed puerum est ausus Romam portare docendum
artes, quas doceat quivis eques atque senator
semet prognatos. vestem servosque sequentes,
in magno ut populo, si qu vidisset, avita
ex re præberi sumptus mihi crederet illos.
ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes
circum doctores aderat. quid multa ? pudicum,
qui primus virtutis honos, servavit ab omni
non solum facto, verum opprobrio quoque turpi ;
nec timuit, sibi ne vitio quis verteret, olim
si præco parvas aut, ut fuit ipse, coactor
mercedes sequerer : neque ego essem questus ; at
    hoc nunc
laus illi debetur et a me gratia maior.
nil me pæniteat sanum patris huius, eoque

non, ut magna dolo factum negat esse suo pars,
quod non ingenuos habeat clarosque parentes,
sic me defendam. longe mea discrepat istis
et vox et ratio.

Sat. I, vi. 62–93.

In another of the satires Horace narrates one of his father's practical lessons in morality, and ascribes to such early training his own readiness with joke or pointed criticism.

Liberius si
dixero quid, si forte iocosius, hoc mihi iuris
cum venia dabis : insuevit pater optimus hoc me
ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
cum me hortaretur, parce frugaliter atque
viverem uti contentus eo quod mi ipse parasset :
" nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius utque
Baius inops ? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
perdere quis velit." a turpi meretricis amore
cum deterreret : " Scetani dissimilis sis."

. . . . . .

" sapiens, vitatu quidque petitu
sit melius, causas reddet tibi : mi satis est, si
traditum ab antiquis morem servare tuamque,
dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
incolumem possum ; simul ac duraverit ætas
membra animumque tuum, nabis sine cortice." sic me
formabat puerum dictis ; et sive iubebat
ut facerem quid, " habes auctorem, quo facias hoc,"
unum ex iudicibus selectis obiciebat ;
sive vetabat, " an hoc inhonestum et inutile factu

necne sit addubites, flagret rumore malo cum
hic atque ille ? '' avidos vicinum funus ut ægros
exanimat mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit :
sic teneros animos aliena opprobria saepe
absterrent vitiis. ex hoc ego sanus ab illis,
perniciem quæcumque ferunt, mediocribus et quis
ignoscas vitiis teneor. fortassis et istinc 90
largiter abstulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,
consilium proprium. neque enim, cum lectulus aut me
porticus excepit, desum mihi.

Sat. I, iv. 103–134.

IV

THE visitors from Venusia arrived in Rome about a year after the death of the lyric poet Catullus, and now, if he had not done so before, Horace would become acquainted with the works of the young and versatile genius whose experiments in metre he was afterwards to carry forward and to surpass. While father and son were quietly pursuing the object which had brought them to the capital, on every side were evidences of great political excitement and disorder. We left Cæsar as consul in Rome for the year 59 B.C. With such a strong hand did he rule that his incapable colleague became the butt of the wits about town, who dubbed the year that of "Julio et Cæsare consulibus," and delighted in *bon mots* of this type :

Non Bibulo quoddam nuper sed Cæsare factum est,
  Nam Bibulo fieri consule nil memini.

To Cæsar's colleague Horace has one allusion in a drinking song (Odes, III, xxviii.), where he is perhaps punning on the derivation of the name. When Cæsar and Bibulus demitted office, the former, according to the arrangement of the Triumvirate, was entrusted with proconsular power in Gaul for five years. By a conference at Lucca in 56 B.C. the Triumvirs extended Cæsar's command for five years more, at the end of which time, it was agreed, he should stand for a second consulship without personal canvass. In return Pompeius was to have a five-years command in Spain, and Crassus the like in Syria, while these two were to be colleagues for the second time in the consulship of 55 B.C. During his ten years in Gaul Cæsar extended and consolidated the supremacy of Rome from the Cevennes to the Rhine, and proved himself a warrior and a statesman second to none. Unfortunately in those days it was the fate of nearly every great man to fall under the ban of that effete and selfish body which had gradually arrogated to itself the right to guide the affairs of the Roman world. Little by little the Senate won Pompeius from his alliance with the absent Cæsar and forced him to pose as the champion of their interests, until it was clear to all that a fatal breach must follow. And when in 54 B.C. Julia, the beloved daughter of Cæsar and wife of Pompeius, died, the strongest bond between the two great generals was for ever broken. Next year, after the battle of Carrhæ, in distant Syria, Crassus fell at the head of his men. The balance of power was shaken, and from that time forth both parties drifted into civil war. It was well for the youthful Horace that during those years he had in his father a *custos incorruptissimus*, for the condition of the capital was far from suitable for peaceful folk. Anarchy and discord prevailed to such an extent that after the murder of the disreputable Clodius in 52 B.C. martial law had to be proclaimed. Pompeius ruled as sole consul for six months, and managed to restore order in the city, but thenceforward he regularly abetted the anti-Cæsarian policy of the Senate, until two years later matters reached a climax. Cæsar, while willing to make concessions on several points, adhered to the main arrangements made at the conference at Lucca, and so when Pompeius and his party finally repudiated these no course remained but a decision by the sword. In January of 49 B.C. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon and inaugurated a new era in the history of Rome. From that time until the day of his death he remained king in all but name. In him the idea of the sovereignty of one was revived among the Romans, and we may consider as mere wars of succession the fighting that took place between his death and the final victory of his heir, Octavianus.

When the civil war was in its early stages Horace would be of age to lay aside his boyish toga (*toga prætexta*), and with due ceremonial to assume the robe of Roman manhood (*vestis virilis*: Sat. I, ii. 16). He continued his studies in Rome for three or four years thereafter, and many were the stirring scenes he must have witnessed as news filtered into headquarters of fight after fight in that grim struggle waged all over the Roman world. Nor can we imagine that the young provincial was incapable of understanding the importance of these events, or that he remained merely an uninterested spectator. What side he sympathized with we shall learn later, but we may reasonably conclude that it took all the patience and address of his wise old father to keep the lad (*irasci celerem*: Epist. I, xx. 25) from rushing into arms, or at least assailing with his pen the party he distrusted. At all events, during those years of turmoil at home and abroad Horace made steady progress with his studies. Orbilius Pupillus, who had been a soldier and was evidently a strict disciplinarian, is the only one of his teachers whom he mentions by name. To him the poet has applied an epithet (*plagosus*: Epist. II, i. 70) which has since become proverbial in describing teachers of the Dr. Thwackum type, and was well deserved, as we learn from the reference in Domitius Marsus to scholars:

> Si quos Orbilius ferula scuticaque cecidit.

Under old Orbilius and other masters Horace was drilled in Greek, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the literature of his native land. This literary training would be accompanied by courses of music and rhetoric, two subjects which could not be excluded from the education of a Roman gentleman. One is inclined to think, too, that Horace would now begin to gain some acquaintance, although perhaps against his grain (*invita Minerva*), with the exercises of the gymnasium and with the use of arms. On his training, at any rate, no expense was spared, and all the while it was carefully supervised by his observant guardian.

In the meantime decisive victories at Pharsalus, Zela, Thapsus, and Munda disposed of Pompeius and his partisans, and left Cæsar in undisputed mastery. His triumph, however, was short-lived. Jealousy, for ever at work, marked him for her victim, and in the year 44 B.C., upon the Ides of March,

> Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

V

ABOUT two years before the murder of Cæsar, by which time the East had become tolerably peaceful, Horace had been sent to pursue his studies in Greece. No wonder that he dearly loved that slave-born father who was ready to make such sacrifices for him. One cannot help thinking that during his stay in Rome the elder Horace may have been cheered and confirmed in his plans for his son's welfare by coming upon a sentiment which Plato in the "Euthydemus" ascribes to his beloved master: " 'Seeing then,' says Socrates, 'that all desire happiness, and happiness, as has been shown, is gained by a use, and a right use, of the things of life, and the right use of them, and good fortune in the use of them, is given by knowledge, the inference is that everybody ought by all means to try to make himself as wise as he can.' "[1] Whether he was acquainted with the passage or not, the father was inspired with the spirit of Plato's teaching, and the future poet, now about nineteen years of age, was given the opportunity of studying at the fountain-head the philosophy and literature of the land,

> Where each old poetic mountain
> Inspiration breathed around;
> Every shade and hallowed fountain
> Murmured deep a solemn sound.

At Athens, the university centre of the ancient world, Horace spent the remainder of his student days, and there, *par inter pares*, he met and made friendships with the sons of many noble Romans who had come thither, like himself, " to search for truth amid the groves of Academus."

> Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,
> iratus Grais quantum nocuisset Achilles.
> adiecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ,
> scilicet ut vellem curvo dignoscere rectum 100
> atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.

Epist. II, ii. 41–45.

Horace was studying at Athens when news arrived of the fatal deed of the Ides of March.

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[1] Jowett's translation.

The atmosphere of a university, it seems, must ever be conservative. It is this that in our own day makes a university "seat" so safe; it is this that made Oxford of old "the home of lost causes"; and it is this that made the Republican cause the popular one, in the days of Horace, with the young bloods at the Athenian university, especially as these youths numbered among them the sons of some of those very senators over whom the dictator had gained so signal a victory. It was not strange, then, that when Cæsar fell his opponents were acclaimed by these young Romans as the deliverers of the State from that form of government which they instinctively feared, the tyranny of one. After Cæsar's death his colleague in the consulship, Mark Antony,[1] became his executor and avenger. In this task he was joined by Cæsar's grand-nephew and heir, the young Octavianus, after some differences had been settled between the two. But even before this alliance was formed the chief conspirators had withdrawn from Italy, nominally to undertake posts in the provinces assigned them by the Senate. Of these, Brutus and Cassius, the governors of Macedonia and Syria respectively, immediately set about collecting forces to oppose the party of Cæsar's avengers. In the course of the circuit of his province Brutus reached Athens in the month of September, 44 B.C., and there he was welcomed by the Roman students as the visible champion of the Republic and freedom. From these young men the Liberator, as he was called, selected several to hold commissions in his army, among them being the future poet. Some commentators suggest that Brutus either made an error of judgment or was forced to "take the best of a bad lot" when he appointed the youthful son of a freedman to a tribuneship—a position which corresponds to that of a colonel in our army, and in those days often entailed the command of a legion. But we should remember that Horace would not have reached the age of twenty-one without some training in arms, and we should rather consider this appointment as a proof of the esteem in which his abilities were even already held. Brutus, we know, was a seasoned warrior and was not likely to jeopardize his cause by choosing inefficient officers. At any rate, despite the fact that he was neither tall nor robust, and that, as he himself confesses, he was not fitted for a soldier's life, Horace in the arduous campaign that followed did his duty to the satisfaction of his chief. In the humorous envoy to the first book of the Epistles, written long afterwards, he says:

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[1] The Anglicized form of this name will be used throughout.

> . . . Liber, . . . loqueris . . .
> me primis urbis *belli* placuisse domique,
>
> Epist. I, xx. 1, 21, 23.

and Horace was not a man to boast or prevaricate.

The two years of campaigning which preceded the battle of Philippi gave Horace considerable experience in the art of war, in addition to extending his knowledge of the geography of the East. Early in the year 43 B.C. Brutus captured and put to death Gaius Antonius, who had managed to send the greater part of his forces—they were originally Cæsar's men—from Macedonia across to Brundisium to help his brother. After some desultory fighting against surrounding barbarians, Brutus evacuated Macedonia, and, marching through Thrace, crossed over into Asia Minor, part of which was also under his jurisdiction. There he levied large sums of money and collected a fleet, at the same time sending word to Cassius to hasten from Syria to his aid. The latter in the meantime had also gathered a large army and fleet, with the greater part of which he joined Brutus in the spring of the year 42, at Smyrna, in Lydia. From several references in the works of Horace we gather that the poet was personally acquainted with this region. The next move of Brutus was against the Lycians in the south, whose cities he brought into subjection, and thereafter in the summer he rejoined his colleague at Sardis. Having extorted nearly ten years' tribute in advance from the long-suffering provincials of Asia, Brutus and Cassius led their troops back to Europe, crossing the Hellespont by the historic passage at Abydos. Thence they followed the track of the old Persian invaders until they passed the borders of Macedonia, where in the neighbourhood of Philippi they first came into contact with the Cæsarian troops. Their ships had accompanied them along the coast, and were now anchored off the island of Thasos to keep the land forces in supplies.

During this time Antony and Octavianus, as already mentioned, had formed an alliance (along with Marcus Lepidus) to avenge the death of Cæsar. This alliance, the Second Triumvirate, began its career with the fearful proscriptions in which one of the most notable victims was Marcus Tullius Cicero, the old champion of the Republic. If the fellow-students of Horace had been antagonistic to Cæsar's cause before, their hatred must have increased to bitterness now when tidings reached them of the wholesale slaughter of their friends at home. Upon the mind of Horace, as we shall point out later, the thought of this time of cruelty had a lasting effect. The proscriptions over, Antony and Octavianus delegated Lepidus to preserve order in Italy and to cope with the piratical Sextus Pompeius, and themselves crossed with their troops to Dyrrachium; thence they marched along the Via Egnatia and through Macedonia until, towards its eastern border, they were met by the forces of Brutus and Cassius.

The latter were strongly entrenched on a spur of the Pangæan range of mountains, and were protected in front by marshy ground. Their legions equalled in number those of the Triumvirs; their cavalry, 20,000 strong, exceeded that opposed to them by fully one-third; and for months to come they could depend on supplies from the fleet at Thasos. They were thus in every way splendidly situated for a prolonged campaign. The enemy, on the other hand, had left behind them a distracted Italy; they lacked provisions, and were now moving precariously, far from their base; one of their leaders, Octavianus, was out of action nearly all the time through ill-health; and they had the additional disadvantage of having to begin the assault. For a few weeks constant skirmishing went on between the opposing forces, until, late in October, Antony in desperation pushed a road through the marsh, and with great loss captured the camp of Cassius. On the same day Brutus attacked and seized the camp of the absent Octavianus. As both parties had to withdraw to their original positions before nightfall, the first battle of Philippi ended in a cross victory; but the advantage lay with the Cæsarians, for Cassius had received wrong information about the doings of Brutus, and, mistaking an approaching squadron of his colleague's horsemen for foes, had taken his own life. In a few days the fighting was renewed, but Brutus kept his men in check and let the opposition of the enemy wear itself out in fruitless assault. Had this policy been continued the campaign of Philippi might have had a different ending, but the officers of Brutus's army, confident in numbers and prowess, at length persuaded the reluctant general to offer battle. About the middle of November the second battle of Philippi was fought. From the initial skirmishing to the last death-grapple it was stubbornly con-

42 B.C.

tested, and the day was far spent before the army of Brutus broke and fled. The commander himself retired with four legions in good order, but, finding that his followers were unwilling to continue a hopeless struggle, he ordered his freedman Strato to kill him. Such was the end of "the noblest Roman of them all," the last hero of the Republic.

Well might Horace have been thankful for his own escape, for Antony, fearing a rally of the foe, had given orders that all officers captured should be immediately put to death. Among those who escaped along with Horace were Pompeius Varus and Marcus Valerius Messalla. The latter, like the poet, availed himself of the amnesty granted by the victors, and later on, entering the service of the future Emperor, rose to be one of the greatest men in Rome. Pompeius Varus, on the other hand, seems to have continued in arms against Octavianus until after the battle of Actium, when he too was pardoned and retired from public life. In the following ode, written about 30 B.C., Horace reminds his old comrade of their fighting days, and invites him to pay him a visit and celebrate their reunion over beakers filled with mellow Massic wine :

O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum
deducte Bruto militiæ duce,
   quis te redonavit Quiritem
      dis patriis Italoque cælo,
Pompei, meorum prime sodalium,
cum quo morantem sæpe diem mero

fregi coronatus nitentes
malobathro Syrio capillos ?
tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
sensi relicta non bene parmula,
cum fracta virtus et minaces
turpe solum tetigere mento.
sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
denso paventem sustulit aëre ;
te rursus in bellum resorbens
unda fretis tulit æstuosis.
ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem,
longaque fessum militia latus
depone sub lauru mea nec
parce cadis tibi destinatis.
oblivioso levia Massico
ciboria exple, funde capacibus
unguenta de conchis. quis udo
deproperare apio coronas
curatve myrto ? quem Venus arbitrum
dicet bibendi ? non ego sanius
bacchabor Edonis : recepto
dulce mihi furere est amico.

Odes, II, vii.

VI

FROM the scene of his soldiering Horace made his way back to Italy. Brundisium, which was thronged with the Cæsarian troops, he would possibly avoid ; and perhaps it was on this occasion that he was nearly shipwrecked off Cape Palinurus, in Lucania. His escape from Philippi and from the dangers of the Sicilian Sea the poet after-

ward attributed to the protecting care of the Muses :

> Vestris amicum fontibus et choris
> non me Philippis versa acies retro,
>   devota non exstinxit arbos,
>   nec Sicula Palinurus unda.
>
> Odes, III, iv. 25–28.

Arrived in Italy, Horace found his father dead and his estate gone. Like that of many another, his patrimony had been confiscated to satisfy the demands of the victorious soldiers of Antony and Octavianus. In the year after Philippi, when the allotment of land to the veterans was made, Horace took up his abode in Rome, and there in his poverty he was forced to write poetry for a living. In the last of his Epistles the poet sums up with a certain grim humour the period of his life from the end of his university days to the beginning of his literary career in the capital :

> Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato,
> civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
> Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
> unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
> decisis humilem pinnis inopemque paterni 140
> et Laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
> ut versus facerem.
>
> Epist. II, ii. 46–52.

His prentice hand Horace tried on that easiest of all forms of verse, lampoons or personal satire. Of this early work one or two of the Epodes and Satires are typical, but it is probable that when his judgment became more mature the poet allowed many similar effusions to remain in oblivion. He was no doubt goaded into writing such "scurrilous iambics" by the thought of the vicissitudes through which he was passing and of all that he had lost.

> Most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

That he afterwards regretted the enmity such writing excited and was ready to apologize for youthful indiscretions we may gather from the following ode of recantation (*palinodia*) to a lady whom he had once lampooned:

> O matre pulchra filia pulchrior,
> quem criminosis cunque voles modum
> pones iambis, sive flamma
> sive mari libet Hadriano.
>
> . . . . .
>
> fertur Prometheus, addere principi
> limo coactus particulam undique
> desectam, et insani leonis
> vim stomacho apposuisse nostro. 150
>
> . . . . .
>
> compesce mentem: me quoque pectoris
> temptavit in dulci iuventa
> fervor et in celeres iambos
> misit furentem; nunc ego mitibus
> mutare quæro tristia, dum mihi
> fias recantatis amica
> opprobriis animumque reddas.

Odes, I, xvi.

During the first period of his stay in Rome

Horace may have had to depend wholly upon the proceeds of his pen, but before long he secured an appointment in the quæstor's department, the Treasury of olden days. However uncongenial the work of a clerk may have been to the poet, the salary it brought would be a welcome addition to his resources. He still went on with his poetical compositions, in some of which he turned from personalities to comment upon and to lament over the evils of the time. It was the wider appeal of those more dignified verses that brought Horace into prominence and augured well for his future as a poet.

After the battle of Philippi, Octavianus and Antony had divided between them the government of the Roman world. The latter took over the management of the East, while the youthful Cæsar, as we may now call him, returned to Italy as quickly as ill-health would permit. At this time Lucius Antonius, another brother of the Triumvir, held the consulship, and not many months elapsed ere Cæsar and he came into collision over what Lucius claimed to be the unjust treatment of his brother's veterans in the allotment of the confiscated land. It would be at this crisis that Horace addressed to the Roman people the following grave warning against the sin and folly of taking sword in hand to shed a kinsman's blood :

> Quo, quo scelesti ruitis ? aut cur dexteris
> aptantur enses conditi ?
> parumne campis atque Neptuno super 160
> fusum est Latini sanguinis,

non ut superbas invidæ Karthaginis
Romanus arces ureret,
intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
Sacra catenatus via,
sed ut secundum vota Parthorum sua
urbs hæc periret dextera ?
neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus
unquam nisi in dispar feris.
furorne cæcus an rapit vis acrior 170
an culpa ? responsum date.
tacent, et ora pallor albus inficit
mentesque perculsæ stupent.
sic est : acerba fata Romanos agunt
scelusque fraternæ necis,
ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
sacer nepotibus cruor.

Epode VII.

But " blind fury or some higher power " was not to be appeased. The quarrel between the consul and Cæsar drifted into the war known as the Perusian campaign. It is no fanciful picture that Horace paints of the convulsions which at this time shook his unhappy fatherland. Antony had already fallen under the spell of Cleopatra and was neglecting his duties in the East ; the Parthians, led by Labienus—that renegade son of a renegade father—were devastating the Roman provinces in Asia ; Sextus Pompeius, who for the last four years had been the corsair king of the Western Sea, was blockading the Italian ports, and to him additional ships had been sent by Mark Antony in order to increase the difficulties of Cæsar. In this time of trouble the poet predicts the ruin by intestine feuds of the great city which had withstood the shock of so many foreign foes, and urges the "manly hearts" among his countrymen, like the Phocæans of old, to leave their homeland and return no more.

Altera iam teritur bellis civilibus ætas,
suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi,
minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus,
æmula nec virtus Capuæ nec Spartacus acer
novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox,
nec fera cærulea domuit Germania pube
parentibusque abominatus Hannibal :
impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas,
ferisque rursus occupabitur solum.
barbarus heu cineres insistet victor, et urbem
eques sonante verberabit ungula,
quæque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
nefas videre ! dissipabit insolens.
forte quid expediat communiter aut melior pars
malis carere quæritis laboribus :
nulla sit hac potior sententia : Phocæorum
velut profugit exsecrata civitas
agros atque Lares patrios habitandaque fana
apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis,
ire, pedes quocumque ferent, quocumque per undas
Notus vocabit aut protervus Africus,
sic placet ? an melius quis habet suadere ? secunda
ratem occupare quid moramur alite ?
sed iuremus in hæc : simul imis saxa renarint
vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas ;
neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina,
in mare seu celsus procurrerit Appenninus,
novaque monstra iunxerit libidine

mirus amor, iuvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
  adulteretur et columba miluo,
credula nec ravos timeant armenta leones,
  ametque salsa levis hircus æquora.
hæc et quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces
  eamus omnis exsecrata civitas,
aut pars indocili melior grege ; mollis et exspes
  inominata perpremat cubilia.
vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
  Etrusca præter et volate litora.
nos manet Oceanus circumvagus.

Epode XVI, 1–41.

At this point the contrast between his own Iron Age and the Golden Age of tradition strikes the poet, and he diverges into a description of the Isles of the Blessed, in a passage full of beautiful imagery and written with rare poetic power.

Arva, beata
  petamus arva divites et insulas,
reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis
  et imputata floret usque vinea,
germinat et nunquam fallentis termes olivæ
  suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
  levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
illic iniussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,
  refertque tenta grex amicus ubera ;
nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
  neque intumescit alta viperis humus.
pluraque felices mirabimur, ut neque largis
  aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glæbis,
  utrumque rege temperante cælitum.

non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus
neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem ;
non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ,
laboriosa nec cohors Ulixei ;
nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
gregem æstuosa torret impotentia. 240
Iuppiter illa piæ secrevit litora genti,
ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum ;
ære, dehinc ferro duravit sæcula, quorum
piis secunda vate me datur fuga.

Epode XVI, 41-66.

Though harassed by foes on every side, Cæsar resolutely set himself to the task of securing peace. Leaving Pompeius alone in the meantime, he shut up Lucius Antonius in Perusia, an Etruscan hill-fortress, near the Trasimene Lake. In March of 40 B.C. starvation brought about the surrender of the enemy. As to the treatment of the captives accounts differ, but at all events Lucius was allowed to go free, and he, along with many of his brother's partisans, now withdrew from Italy. The young Cæsar had still to fear a formal alliance between Pompeius and Mark Antony, and so he made overtures to the latter for a renewal of their old compact. This was effected by the conference at Brundisium in July of the same year, and confirmed by a marriage between Cæsar's sister, Octavia, and his colleague in the Triumvirate.[1] Early in

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[1] The conference was arranged by Mæcenas and Cocceius Nerva, and on this occasion the old Cæsarian Gaius Asinius Pollio acted for Antony. As a tribute to Pollio's services in the cause of peace, Vergil dedicated to him the famous fourth Eclogue, the so-called Messianic Eclogue, in which the poet prophesied the regeneration of mankind.

pauca : abeo, et revocas nono post mense iubesque
esse in amicorum numero. magnum hoc ego duco,
quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum.

Sat. I, vi. 45–63.

The beginning of this intimacy between Mæcenas and Horace may be dated from the summer of 38 B.C., the year in which their friend Vergil published the "Eclogues."

Although the writers of the Augustan age found a considerable market for their wares, they depended chiefly, like their successors in our own country in the eighteenth century, upon the generosity of wealthy men. Mæcenas is one of the earliest and most famous of the patrons of literature. As we have already pointed out, the poet and his new friend happened to be born in the same year. It appears that from their boyhood Mæcenas and Agrippa had been companions of the heir of Julius Cæsar, and they were actually spending the winter with him at Apollonia when the murder of the Dictator forced Octavianus to take up the great work of his life. In every sphere of action, from the direction of a nation's affairs to the management of the humblest business, fair-minded leaders who have attained success readily acknowledge that much of it is due to good fortune in their choice of subordinates. To such a fortunate choice Octavianus might well have attributed a great deal of the prosperity which crowned his efforts. Among the many who assisted him in consolidating the Empire of Rome his early companions take the foremost place. In military and civil affairs respectively Agrippa and Mæcenas became Cæsar's most zealous and trusted partisans. They were both wonderfully gifted by nature, and the great wealth which they acquired gave them a standing in Rome second only to that of the Emperor himself. On a part of the Esquiline which before had been waste ground Mæcenas built for himself a magnificent palace and laid out public gardens which became proverbial for their splendour. Although he chose never to rise above the rank of his birth, Horace's "dear knight Mæcenas" often acted as *locum tenens* for the Emperor, and was even entrusted with the private seal, as well as power to suppress or alter, as he thought fit, any communication to be laid before the Roman Senate. But it was not only in public affairs that he tried to advance the policy of his master; his home on the Esquiline became the *rendezvous* of the best men in art and literature at that time, and these he inspired to spread the praises of the Emperor and his beneficent *régime*. Like his friends Octavianus and Horace, between whom he formed the connecting link, Mæcenas never enjoyed the best of health; during his later years he was a martyr to insomnia, which no doubt accounts for his withdrawal from public life about 15 B.C. The patron of Horace, Vergil, and Propertius was himself a dabbler in literature, and the following poem from his pen was severely criticized by the Stoic Seneca because of the unmanly spirit of the writer in clinging to life when all that made life worth living had been taken away:

> Debilem facito manu,
> debilem pede, coxa ;
> tuber adstrue gibberum,
> lubricos quate dentes ;
> vita dum superest, bene est !
> hanc mihi, vel acuta
> si sedeam cruce, sustine. 280

Quoted in Seneca, Ep. CI, xI.

From the time of Horace's admission to the circle of Mæcenas his position was assured. The tie between the two men, however, in no way resembled the usual relationship of this kind. The poet was too manly and independent by nature to play the sycophant to any man, and Mæcenas showed his good sense by never putting on airs when dealing with the gifted "son of a freedman father." They always met or communicated with each other on terms of perfect equality, and the real affection that existed between them is repeatedly attested in the writings of Horace. The works formally dedicated by the poet to his patron are the Satires, the Odes, I–III, and the first book of the Epistles.

VIII

IN 38 B.C. the five years' Triumvirate came to an end, and a renewal of terms, at least between Cæsar and Antony, was again necessary ; the part played by Lepidus all along in the coalition is quite overshadowed by the doings of his colleagues. On the side of Cæsar the arrangements for a new conference in the year 37 were carried out, as before, by Mæcenas and Cocceius Nerva. The task before them was a difficult one, for Antony had become alarmed at Cæsar's growing influence in Italy and was lying off Brundisium with a fleet of 300 ships. A breach with Cæsar would possibly be followed by a union between Antony and Sextus Pompeius, and already the latter was proving himself more than a match for Agrippa. In these circumstances the negotiations necessitated secrecy and care, and it was surely a great compliment that Mæcenas paid to Vergil and Horace when he invited them to join him on his journey to the south. The travellers kept for the most part to the famous Via Appia, and covered on the average twenty-four miles per day during their fifteen days' journey. A vivid description of this "iter ad Brundisium" is given by Horace in one of his Satires, which is well worth reading not only for its geographical interest, but also for its humour and the light it throws upon wayfaring in ancient times.

Egressum magna me accepit Aricia Roma
hospitio modico ; rhetor comes Heliodorus,
Græcorum longe doctissimus ; inde Forum Appi,
differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis.
hoc iter ignavi divisimus, altius ac nos
præcinctis unum ; minus est gravis Appia tardis.
hic ego propter aquam, quod erat deterrima, ventri
indico bellum, cenantes haud animo æquo
exspectans comites. iam nox inducere terris

umbras et cælo diffundere signa parabat ; 290
tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautæ
ingerere : " huc appelle ! " " trecentos inseris."
" ohe
iam satis est." dum æs exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
tota abit hora. mali culices ranæque palustres
avertunt somnos, absentem ut cantat amicam
multa prolutus vappa nauta atque viator
certatim : tandem fessus dormire viator
incipit, ac missæ pastum retinacula mulæ
nauta piger saxo religat stertitque supinus.
iamque dies aderat, nil cum procedere lintrem 300
sentimus ; donec cerebrosus prosilit unus
ac mulæ nautæque caput lumbosque saligno
fuste dolat. quarta vix demum exponimur hora.
ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympha.
milia tum pransi tria repimus atque subimus
impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.
huc venturus erat Mæcenas optimus atque
Cocceius, missi magnis de rebus uterque
legati, aversos soliti componere amicos.
hic oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus 310
inlinere : interea Mæcenas advenit atque
Cocceius, Capitoque simul Fonteius, ad unguem
factus homo, Antoni non ut magis alter amicus.
Fundos Aufidio Lusco prætore libenter
linquimus, insani ridentes præmia scribæ,
prætextam et latum clavum prunæque vatillum.
in Mamurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus,
Murena præbente domum, Capitone culinam.
postera lux oritur multo gratissima ; namque
Plotius et Varius Sinuessæ Vergiliusque 320
occurrunt, animæ, quales neque candidiores
terra tulit neque quis me sit devinctior alter.
o qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt !

nil ego contulerim iucundo sanus amico.
proxima Campano ponti quæ villula, tectum
præbuit, et parochi, quæ debent, ligna salemque.
hinc muli Capuæ clitellas tempore ponunt.
lusum it Mæcenas, dormitum ego Vergiliusque ;
namque pila lippis inimicum et ludere crudis.
hinc nos Coccei recipit plenissima villa,
quæ super est Caudi cauponas. nunc mihi paucis
Sarmenti scurræ pugnam Messique Cicirri,
Musa, velim memores, et quo patre natus uterque
contulerit lites. Messi clarum genus Osci ;
Sarmenti domina exstat : ab his maioribus orti
ad pugnam venere. prior Sarmentus “ equi te
esse feri similem dico.” ridemus, et ipse
Messius “ accipio,” caput et movet. “ o tua cornu
ni foret exsecto frons ” inquit “ quid faceres, cum
sic mutilus minitaris ? ” at illi fœda cicatrix
sætosam lævi frontem turpaverat oris.
Campanum in morbum, in faciem permulta iocatus,
pastorem saltaret uti Cyclopa rogabat :
nil illi larva aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.
multa Cicirrus ad hæc : donasset iamne catenam
ex voto Laribus, quærebat : scriba quod esset,
nilo deterius dominæ ius esse : rogabat
denique cur unquam fugisset, cui satis una
farris libra foret, gracili sic tamque pusillo.
prorsus iucunde cenam producimus illam.
tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes
pæne macros arsit dum turdos versat in igni ;
nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
Vulcano summum properabat lambere tectum.
convivas avidos cenam servosque timentes
tum rapere atque omnes restinguere velle videres.
incipit ex illo montes Apulia notos
ostentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus et quos

nunquam erepsemus, nisi nos vicina Trivici
villa recepisset lacrimoso non sine fumo, 360
udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.
quattuor hinc rapimur viginti et milia redis
mansuri oppidulo, quod versu dicere non est,
signis perfacile est : venit vilissima rerum
hic aqua, sed panis longe pulcherrimus, ultra
callidus ut soleat umeris portare viator ;
nam Canusi lapidosus, aquæ non ditior urna
qui locus a forti Diomede est conditus olim.
flentibus hinc Varius discedit mæstus amicis.
inde Rubos fessi pervenimus, utpote longum 370
carpentes iter et factum corruptius imbri.
postera tempestas melior, via peior ad usque
Bari mœnia piscosi. dein Gnatia lymphis
iratis exstructa dedit risusque iocosque,
dum flamma sine tura liquescere limine sacro
persuadere cupit. credat Iudæus Apella,
non ego. namque deos didici securum agere ævum,
nec, si quid miri faciat natura, deos id
tristes ex alto cæli demittere tecto.
Brundisium longæ finis chartæque viæque est. 380

Sat. I, v.

With the exception of the phrase "aversos soliti componere amicos," there is no reference throughout the poem to the object of the journey. In his year of intercourse with Horace, Mæcenas had evidently found caution to be a prominent trait in the character of his friend.[1] The envoys, it may be added, duly accomplished the object for which they had set out: on the river Taras, near Tarentum, the Triumvirs met, and formally renewed their agreement for another *lustrum.*

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[1] This trait is further brought out in Sat II vi See Appendix p.140.

Cæsar guaranteed to raise 20,000 men to send to Antony, in return for which the latter lent him 120 ships to aid Agrippa in the protracted war against Pompeius. The hopes and fears of this period are reflected in the following ode of Horace "Ad Cæsarem":

Iam satis terris nivis atque diræ
grandinis misit Pater et rubente
dextera sacras iaculatus arces
terruit urbem,
terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
sæculum Pyrrhæ nova monstra questæ,
omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
visere montes,
piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo,
nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis,
et superiecto pavidæ natarunt
æquore dammæ.
vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
litore Etrusco violenter undis
ire deiectum monumenta regis
templaque Vestæ,
Iliæ dum se nimium querenti
iactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra
labitur ripa Iove non probante u-
xorius amnis.
audiet cives acuisse ferrum,
quo graves Persæ melius perirent,
audiet pugnas vitio parentum
rara iuventus.
quem vocet divom populus ruentis
imperi rebus? prece qua fatigent
virgines sanctæ minus audientem
carmina Vestam?

cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
Iuppiter ? tandem venias precamur 410
nube candentes umeros amictus,
　　augur Apollo ;
sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
quam Iocus circum volat et Cupido ;
sive neglectum genus et nepotes
　　respicis auctor,
heu nimis longo satiate ludo,
quem iuvat clamor galeæque leves
acer et Mauri peditis cruentum
　　vultus in hostem ; 420
sive mutata iuvenem figura
ales in terris imitaris, almæ
filius Maiæ, patiens vocari
　　Cæsaris ultor :
serus in cælum redeas diuque
lætus intersis populo Quirini,
neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
　　ocior aura
tollat ; hic magnos potius triumphos,
hic ames dici pater atque princeps, 430
neu sinas Medos equitare inultos
　　te duce, Cæsar.

Odes, I, ii.

Although his fleets suffered severely in battle and storm, Agrippa stuck to his task with the pertinacity characteristic of his race. To protect his ships from the violence of the weather, he constructed for them a safe anchorage, called the "Portus Julius," by connecting Lake Avernus, the Lucrine Lake, and the outer sea : this was done apparently before that winter to which Horace refers as "breaking the

power of the Tyrrhenian Sea on the frail stones set now against it'':

> Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
> Tyrrhenum.
>
> Odes, I, xi. 5–6.

In the year following the meeting at Tarentum the final struggle was waged against the "son of Neptune,'' as Pompeius now styled himself, and Agrippa's persistence at length met with the success it deserved. The fleet of Pompeius was annihilated off Mylæ. Pompeius himself escaped to Asia, but was there captured and put to death, and so ended the strange career of this Roman Ishmael, the son of Pompey the Great. After the flight of their leader some of the land forces of Pompeius had joined Lepidus, but Cæsar, with his usual adroitness, tampered with their loyalty, won them over to his own side, and at last compelled his untrustworthy colleague to abdicate and go into complete retirement. To this time we may assign Horace's ode to the victorious admiral, in which the poet skilfully compliments three of his friends, while modestly acknowledging his own inability to write an epic poem.

> Scriberis Vario fortis et hostium
> victor, Mæonii carminis alite,
> quam rem cunque ferox navibus aut equis
> miles te duce gesserit.
> nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere nec gravem
> Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii 440
> nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixei
> nec sævam Pelopis domum

conamur tenues grandia, dum pudor
imbellisque lyræ Musa potens vetat
laudes egregii Cæsaris et tuas
   culpa deterere ingeni.
quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
digne scripserit aut pulvere Troico
nigrum Merionen aut ope Palladis
   Tydiden superis parem ? 450
nos convivia, nos prœlia virginum
sectis in iuvenes unguibus acrium
cantamus, vacui, sive quid urimur,
   non præter solitum leves.

Odes, I, vi.

The following ode of thanksgiving for the achievements of Cæsar also belongs to this period. In it we get a foretaste of Horace the courtier-poet placing his master's services to the State on a level with those of the gods and heroes of old.

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
tibia sumis celebrare, Clio,
quem deum ? cuius recinet iocosa
   nomen imago
aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris
aut super Pindo gelidove in Hæmo ? 460
unde vocalem temere insecutæ
   Orphea silvæ
arte materna rapidos morantem
fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos,
blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
   ducere quercus.
quid prius dicam solitis parentis
laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
qui mare et terras variisque mundum
   temperat horis : 470

unde nil maius generatur ipso,
nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum ?
proximos illi tamen occupavit
   Pallas honores,

prœliis audax ; neque te silebo,
Liber, et sævis inimica virgo
beluis, nec te, metuende certa
   Phœbe sagitta.

dicam et Alciden puerosque Ledæ,
hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
nobilem ; quorum simul alba nautis
   stella refulsit,

defluit saxis agitatus umor,
concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes
et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
   unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem an superbos
Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
   nobile letum.

Regulum et Scauros animæque magnæ
prodigum Paulum superante Pœno
gratus insigni referam Camena
   Fabriciumque.

hunc et incomptis Curium capillis
utilem bello tulit et Camillum
sæva paupertas et avitus apto
   cum Lare fundus.

crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
fama Marcelli ; micat inter omnes
Iulium sidus velut inter ignes
   luna minores.

gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
orte Saturno, tibi cura magni

Cæsaris fatis data : tu secundo
   Cæsare regnes.
ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
egerit iusto domitos triumpho,
sive subiectos orientis oræ
   Seras et Indos, 510
te minor latum reget æquus orbem ;
tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
tu parum castis inimica mittes
   fulmina lucis.

Odes, I, xii.

IX

IN the lull between the defeat of Pompeius and the final struggle with Antony, Cæsar and his generals took the opportunity of bringing into subjection some of the disorderly frontier tribes, especially in Dalmatia and Illyricum.

At the beginning of this period Horace ventured to allow the first of his works " to sally forth, decked with the smoothing pumice of the Sosii." This was the first book of the Satires, so called—a selection of ten pieces in which he attempts " claudere verba Lucili ritu." It is quite in accordance with the practical character of the Roman people that their only invention in literary form is the kind of verse with which we have now to deal. To Greece they were indebted for the epic, the lyric, and the drama, but the satire was of purely Roman growth. The very name is a homely one ; the *satura*, or *satura lanx*, to be explicit, was that " full dish " of vegetables and oil, that " hodge-podge " which has not yet ceased to be a favourite dish in rustic Italy. Applied to literature, the term aptly describes the mixture of prose and uncouth verse in which Lucilius (180–103 B.C.) and his predecessors gave expression to their thoughts on the life and work of those around them. Such a medley, we know, appeared crude to Horace, trained as he had been in the pure literature of Greece, and he himself suggests that had Lucilius lived he would have expunged or altered much that he had written.

> Fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
> comis et urbanus, fuerit limatior idem,
> quam rudis et Græcis intacti carminis auctor
> quamque poetarum seniorum turba ; sed ille,
> si foret hoc nostrum fato dilatus in ævum,
> detereret sibi multa reciderct omne quod ultra 520
> perfectum traheretur et in versu faciendo
> sæpe caput scaberet, vivos et roderet ungues.
>
> Sat. I, x. 64–71.

With regard to subject-matter, Horace, in a later work, laid down the rule that " the first principle and the source of good writing is wisdom "—

> Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons
>
> De Arte Poet. 309.

—but in the meantime he was dealing only with poetical form, and this too he would have writers bring as near to perfection as possible.

> Sæpe stilum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi sint,
> scripturus, neque te ut miretur turba labores,
> contentus paucis lectoribus.
>
> Sat. I, x. 72–74.

In this first book of his Horace was merely experimenting in rhythmical prose. As yet he excludes himself from the class of people called "poets," and gives his own opinion of the proper application of the title :

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetis,
excerpam numero : neque enim concludere versum
dixeris esse satis ; neque, si qui scribat uti nos
sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam. 530
ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior atque os
magna sonaturum, des nominis huius honorem.

Sat. I, iv. 39-44.

The satire is still regarded as being on the border-line of the poetic realm, but the term has come to convey to the modern mind an idea of sarcastic or hostile comment. Into the Satires of Horace sarcasm does find its way, but on the whole his pieces are rather didactic or descriptive, written in an easy conversational style, and now and again tending to become rather flat, or even vulgar. Between the publication of these Satires and that of the Odes, with their finished workmanship, Horace was to have ample practice in "turning the stilus." Already, however, the spirit which inspired the famous "Odi profanum volgus et arceo" finds expression. It is not the grub-worm, Pantilius, or the vain actor, Hermogenes, that our poet desires to please, but the friends whose names he now records in an appeal for their commendation :

Plotius et Varius, Mæcenas Vergiliusque,
Valgius et probet hæc Octavius optimus atque

Fuscus et hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque !
ambitione relegata te dicere possum,
Pollio, te, Messalla, tuo cum fratre, simulque
vos, Bibule et Servi, simul his te, candide Furni,
complures alios, doctos ego quos et amicos
prudens prætereo ; quibus hæc, sint qualiacunque,
adridere velim, doliturus, si placeant spe 541
deterius nostra.

Sat. I, x. 81-90.

X

TO number so many distinguished men among his friends, Horace assuredly had advanced far from the status of the beaten soldier who had returned from Philippi "with pinions clipped and all his property gone." But in reality the popularity of the poet is not difficult to account for. We have already noted the character of the elder Horace, his manly independence, his shrewd common sense, his keen though kindly humour, and above all his deep love for his son. A receptive nature like that of the poet could not help being influenced by such a father, especially when we remember that the two were close companions in the boy's most impressionable years. In fact, one is inclined to picture Horace in his *toga prætexta* as an "old-fashioned" youth—a reflex of the paternal moralist who was doing so much for him. But our poet was one whose genius would more readily reach maturity under the sun of kindly appreciation than in the gloom of adversity, and although the bent inherited from his father would be strengthened and improved by the splendid training he received at Rome and Athens, his development must have been somewhat thwarted by the years of obscurity that followed Philippi. It readily resumed its natural course, however, under the ripening influence of increasing prosperity. In the circle of Mæcenas Horace had found the friendship and encouragement which his nature craved. Friendship was to him a sacred thing :

> Nil ego contulerim iucundo sanus amico.
>
> Sat. I, v. 44.

Treachery to friends, or backbiting, he abhors :

> Absentem qui rodit amicum,
> qui non defendit alio culpante, solutos
> qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis,
> fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
> qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
>
> Ibid. I, iv. 81–85.

In one respect at least Horace was not unlike Tennyson's poet,

> Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love.

> Nec quisquam noceat cupido mihi pacis ! at ille
> qui me commorit—melius non tangere, clamo—
> flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe. 551
>
> Ibid. II, i. 44–46.

But though thus ready to pillory a foe the poet was always charitable in judging a friend. A man of the world himself, and endowed with a rare insight into human nature, he felt his own weaknesses, and was consequently lenient with the failings of others. He was a thorough believer in the doctrine that "a friend should bear his friend's infirmities," and repeatedly asserts the necessity of mutual forbearance.

> Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quod amicæ
> turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa hæc
> delectant, veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ.
> vellem in amicitia sic erraremus et isti
> errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum :
> at pater ut nati sic nos debemus amici
> si quod sit vitium non fastidire : strabonem
> appellat pætum pater, et pullum, male parvus
> si cui filius est, ut abortivus fuit olim 560
> Sisyphus ; hunc varum,distortis cruribus, illum
> balbutit scaurum pravis fultum male talis.
> parcius hic vivit : frugi dicatur. ineptus
> et iactantior hic paulo est : concinnus amicis
> postulat ut videatur. at est truculentior atque
> plus æquo liber : simplex fortisque habeatur.
> caldior est : acres inter numeretur. opinor,
> hæc res et iungit, iunctos et servat amicos.
>
> Sat. I, iii. 38–54.

Another feature in Horace's character was an utter absence of self-seeking or ambition, all the more remarkable as it was rare in men of his time. Contentment with one's lot in life had been among the teachings of his father, and deep was the impression it made upon the mind of the son. To men like Cæsar and Mæcenas, as well as their many subordinates, engaged in building up a great empire, and at the same time in accumulating riches for themselves, it must have been delightful to share the friendship of one who had risen superior to the lure of wealth or position. Not for the riches of Arabia would Horace change his liberty and ease (Epist. I, vii. 36); never would he disown friend or parent, or choose—if nature should offer him the choice—to belong to a family of wealth and pedigree. True to his father's training in prudence and content, the poet throughout all his life did not once allow himself to lapse into covetous desires. The acquisition of riches, he argued, would ill befit a man of sense, and would only bring with it irksome burdens.

> Nam si natura iuberet
> a certis annis ævum remeare peractum,
> atque alios legere, ad fastum quoscunque parentes
> optaret sibi quisque, meis contentus honestos
> fascibus et sellis nollem mihi sumere, demens
> iudicio vulgi, sanus fortasse tuo, quod
> nollem onus haud unquam solitus portare molestum.
> nam mihi continuo maior quærenda foret res
> atque salutandi plures, ducendus et unus
> et comes alter, uti ne solus rusve peregreve
> exirem, plures calones atque caballi
> pascendi, ducenda petorrita. nunc mihi curto
> ire licet mulo vel si libet usque Tarentum,
> mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret atque eques armos:
> obiciet nemo sordes mihi quas tibi, Tilli,
> cum Tiburte via prætorem quinque sequuntur
> te pueri lasanum portantes œnophorumque.
> hoc ego commodius quam tu, præclare senator,
> milibus atque aliis vivo.

Sat. I, vi. 93–111.

Here the poet goes on to contrast with a rich man's lot his own state of perfect freedom, and incidentally to give us a delightful description of a day in the life of a man of letters, 35 B.C.

> Quacunque libido est,
> incedo solus, percontor quanti holus ac far,
> fallacem circum vespertinumque pererro 590
> sæpe forum, adsisto divinis. inde domum me
> ad porri et ciceris refero laganique catinum ;
> cena ministratur pueris tribus, et lapis albus
> pocula cum cyatho duo sustinet, adstat echinus
> vilis, cum patera gutus, Campana supellex.
> deinde eo dormitum, non sollicitus, mihi quod cras
> surgendum sit mane, obeundus Marsya, qui se
> vultum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.
> ad quartam iaceo ; post hanc vagor, aut ego, lecto
> aut scripto quod me tacitum iuvet, unguor olivo,
> non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis. 601
> ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum
> admonuit, fugio campum lusumque trigonem.
> pransus non avide, quantum interpellet inani
> ventre diem durare, domesticus otior. hæc est
> vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique ;
> his me consolor victurum suavius, ac si
> quæstor avus pater atque meus patruusque fuissent.
>
> Sat. I, vi. 111–131.

"Lying in bed till ten! Lounging through the greater part of the day! What a lazy life!" one may be inclined to exclaim. Such, too, was the opinion, no doubt, of some of Horace's contemporaries, as they—busy folk!—watched him in his apparently aimless rambles. But if Horace was accounted a lounger, he joins an excellent company, for the accusation has been made against many a thinker and writer from the time of Socrates onward. The truth, however, is that in the case of many literary men apparent listlessness often hides great mental activity. For this view we find some support in the opening couplet of the satire which we shall now quote, Horace's inimitable poem on "The Bore."

> Ibam forte via Sacra, *sicut meus est mos,*
> *nescio quid meditans nugarum ; totus in illis.*
> accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum,
> arreptaque manu "quid agis, dulcissime rerum ?"
> "suaviter, ut nunc est," inquam, "et cupio omnia quæ vis."
> cum adsectaretur, "numquid vis ?" occupo. at ille
> "noris nos," inquit ; "docti sumus." hic ego "pluris
> hoc," inquam, "mihi eris." misere discedere quærens,
> ire modo ocius, interdum consistere, in aurem
> dicere nescio quid puero, cum sudor ad imos
> manaret talos. "o te, Bolane, cerebri
> felicem," aiebam tacitus, cum quidlibet ille
> garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret. ut illi
> nil respondebam, "misere cupis," inquit, "abire :
> iamdudum video : sed nil agis ; usque tenebo,
> persequar hinc quo nunc iter est tibi." "nil opus est te
> circumagi : quemdam volo visere non tibi notum ;
> trans Tiberim longe cubat is prope Cæsaris hortos."
> "nil habeo quod agam et non sum piger ; usque sequar te."
> demitto auriculas ut iniquæ mentis asellus,

cum gravius dorso subiit onus. incipit ille :
" si bene me novi, non Viscum pluris amicum,
non Varium facies : nam quis me scribere plures
aut citius possit versus ? quis membra movere
mollius ? invideat quod et Hermogenes, ego canto."
interpellandi locus hic erat : " est tibi mater,
cognati, quis te salvo est opus ? " " haud mihi quisquam.
omnes composui." " felices ! nunc ego resto.
confice : namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella
quod puero cecinit mota divina anus urna :
' hunc neque dira venena nec hosticus auferet ensis
nec laterum dolor aut tussis nec tarda podagra :
garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque : loquaces,
si sapiat, vitet simul atque adoleverit aetas.' "
ventum erat ad Vestæ, quarta iam parte diei
præterita, et casu tum respondere vadato
debebat ; quod ni fecisset, perdere litem.
" si me amas," inquit, " paulum hic ades." " inteream, si
aut valeo stare aut novi civilia iura ;
et propero quo scis." " dubius sum quid faciam," inquit,
" tene relinquam an rem." " me, sodes." " non faciam " ille,
et præcedere cœpit. ego, ut contendere durum
cum victore, sequor. " Mæcenas quomodo tecum ? "
hinc repetit. " paucorum hominum et mentis bene sanæ.
nemo dexterius fortuna est usus. haberes
magnum adiutorem, posset qui ferre secundas,
hunc hominem velles si tradere. dispeream, ni
summosses omnes." " non isto vivimus illic
quo tu rere modo : domus hac nec purior ulla est

nec magis his aliena malis ; nil mi officit, inquam,
ditior hic aut est quia doctior ; est locus uni
cuique suus.'' ''magnum narras, vix credibile.'' ''atqui
sic habet.'' ''accendis quare cupiam magis illi
proximus esse.'' ''velis tantummodo : quæ tua virtus,
expugnabis ; et est qui vinci possit, eoque
difficiles aditus primos habet.'' ''haud mihi deero :
muneribus servos corrumpam ; non, hodie si
exclusus fuero, desistam ; tempora quæram ;
occurram in triviis, deducam. nil sine magno
vita labore dedit mortalibus.'' hæc dum agit, ecce
Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus et illum
qui pulchre nosset. consistimus. ''unde venis ? '' et
'' quo tendis ? '' rogat et respondet. vellere cœpi
et prensare manu lentissima bracchia, nutans,
distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. male salsus
ridens dissimulare ; meum iecur urere bilis.
'' certe nescio quid secreto velle loqui te
aiebas mecum.'' ''memini bene, sed meliore
tempore dicam : hodie tricensima sabbata. vin tu
curtis Iudæis oppedere ? '' ''nulla mihi,'' inquam,
''religio est.'' ''at mi : sum paulo infirmior, unus
multorum. ignosces ; alias loquar.'' huncine solem
tam nigrum surrexe mihi ! fugit improbus ac me
sub cultro linquit. casu venit obvius illi
adversarius et '' quo tu turpissime ? '' magna
inclamat voce, et '' licet antestari ? '' ego vero
oppono auriculam. rapit in ius : clamor utrimque,
undique concursus. sic me servavit Apollo.

Sat. I, ix.

XI

ABOUT a year after the publication of the first book of his Satires the poet received from Mæcenas a gift which proved to him a source of continual delight. This was a little estate among the Sabine Hills. The Via Valeria, which ran across country to Corfinium and the Adriatic, reached Tibur, about sixteen miles from Rome, by penetrating the valley of the Anio; eight miles farther on, in the heart of the Sabine highlands, stood Varia, the little country town to which the poet's tenants (*quinque boni patres*) used to resort on market-days, and near which the Anio received the waters of the mountain-stream Digentia. At the head-waters of this tributary, in the Vale of Ustica, under the shadow of Mount Lucretilis, lay the rustic paradise in which Horace was to spend so many golden hours. The possession of a country home like that of his childhood had been a cherished wish of the poet, and having obtained it he was well content.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
hortus ubi et tecto vicinus iugis aquæ fons
et paulum silvæ super his foret. auctius atque
di melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro, 690
Maia nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
si neque maiorem feci ratione mala rem,
nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem;
si veneror stultus nihil horum: "o si angulus ille
proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!

o si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret, ut illi,
thesauro invento qui mercennarius agrum
illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule ! " si, quod adest, gratum iuvat, hac prece
te oro :
pingue pecus domino facias et cetera præter 700
ingenium, utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.
ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe removi,
quid prius inlustrem saturis Musaque pedestri ?
nec mala me ambitio perdit nec plumbeus Auster
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.

Sat. II, vi. 1–19.

To Horace, indeed, the gift was a perfect one. Not only did the estate make him independent for life, but it satisfied his unchanging love of nature and afforded a welcome retreat from the distractions of city life or the dangers of an autumn in town. On the other hand, as it was situated less than thirty miles from Rome, Horace, when he felt inclined for company, could reach the capital in one or two easy stages, even with no better means of transit than his ambling, "bob-tailed mule." Henceforward the poet spent a great part of the year at his "castle in the hills," or at the Tiburtine villa which he subsequently acquired. In later life he was compelled for his health's sake to seek in winter the milder climate of Præneste or of Baiæ—"nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis" (Epist. I, i. 83)—but the autumn at least, the season of the sirocco, would find him "restored to himself" by the bracing air of the Sabine farm. The appearance and advantages of the poet's new home are thus summarized in an epistle to one of his friends :

Ne perconteris, fundus meus, optime Quincti,
arvo pascat erum an bacis opulentet olivæ,
pomisne an pratis an amicta vitibus ulmo :
scribetur tibi forma loquaciter et situs agri.
continui montes ni dissocientur opaca
valle, sed ut veniens dextrum latus aspiciat Sol,
lævum discedens curru fugiente vaporet.
temperiem laudes. quid, si rubicunda benigni
corna vepres et pruna ferant, si quercus et ilex
multa fruge pecus, multa dominum iuvet umbra ?
dicas adductum propius frondere Tarentum.
fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,
infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.
hæ latebræ dulces, etiam, si credis, amœnæ,
incolumem tibi me præstant Septembribus horis.

Epist. I, xvi. 1-16.

The spring here referred to, "with waters cool and pure as the Thracian Hebrus," was probably the one to which Horace gave the name of a fountain near his native town, and which he afterwards celebrated in an exquisite little poem :

O fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro,
dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
cras donaberis hædo,
cui frons turgida cornibus
primis et venerem et prœlia destinat ;
frustra : nam gelidos inficiet tibi
rubro sanguine rivos
lascivi suboles gregis.

te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
fessis vomere tauris
præbes et pecori vago.
fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
saxis, unde loquaces
lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.

Odes, III, xiii.

With few exceptions the poet's recollections of the Sabine country are full of happiness. He refers with mixed feelings, however, to one incident—his narrow escape from being crushed to death by a falling tree. The semi-tragic ode, II, xiii., is addressed to this tree (the *devota arbos* of line 134), while in still another poem Horace ascribes his safety to the direct intervention of the god of Arcady :

Me truncus illapsus cerebro
sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
dextra levasset.

Ibid. II, xvii. 27–29.

XII

FROM the Sabine farm we find many odes of invitation addressed by Horace to personages, real and fictitious. To no other, naturally, was his greeting more hearty than to his generous patron. Here is a little ode sent by the poet to Mæcenas when the latter was recovering from a dangerous attack of fever :

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
cantharis, Græca quod ego ipse testa

conditum levi, datus in theatro
   cum tibi plausus,
care Mæcenas eques, ut paterni
fluminis ripæ simul et iocosa
redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
   montis imago.
Cæcubum et prelo domitam Caleno
invides uvam : mea nec Falernæ
temperant vites neque Formiani
   pocula colles.

Odes, I, xx.

A longer invitation to his patron in summer has already become familiar to English readers through Dryden's fine paraphrase of it. In this poem Horace, after a beautiful description of natural scenery, passes on to preach his usual doctrine of fortitude and content, and to warn Mæcenas not to be over-anxious about a future that he may never see.

Around the future Jove has cast
   A veil like night ; he gives us power
To see the present and the past,
   But kindly hides the future hour,
And smiles when man with daring eye
Would pierce that dread futurity.[1]

AD MÆCENATEM

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
non ante verso lene merum cado
   cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum et
      pressa tuis balanus capillis

---

[1] Sir Stephen E. de Vere's translation.

iam dudum apud me est : eripe te moræ,
ne semper udum Tibur et Æfulæ
declive contempleris arvum et
Telegoni iuga parricidæ.

fastidiosam desere copiam et
molem propinquam nubibus arduis ;
omitte mirari beatæ
fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

plerumque gratæ divitibus vices
mundæque parvo sub Lare pauperum
cenæ sine aulæis et ostro
sollicitam explicuere frontem.

iam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
ostendit ignem, iam Procyon furit
et stella vesani Leonis,
sole dies referente siccos ;

iam pastor umbras cum grege languido
rivumque fessus quærit et horridi
dumeta Silvani caretque
ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

tu civitatem quis deceat status
curas et urbi sollicitus times
quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.

prudens futuri temporis exitum
caliginosa nocte premit deus
ridetque, si mortalis ultra
fas trepidat. quod adest memento

componere æquus ; cetera fluminis
ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
cum pace delabentis Etruscum
in mare, nunc lapides adesos

stirpesque raptas et pecus et domos
volventis una, non sine montium

clamore vicinæque silvæ,
cum fera diluvies quietos
inritat amnes. ille potens sui
lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
dixisse " vixi : cras vel atra
nube polum Pater occupato,
vel sole puro ; non tamen inritum,
quodcumque retro est, efficiet neque
diffinget infectumque reddet
quod fugiens semel hora vexit." 800
Fortuna sævo læta negotio et
ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
transmutat incertos honores,
nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
laudo manentem ; si celeres quatit
pinnas, resigno quæ dedit et mea
virtute me involvo probamque
pauperiem sine dote quæro.
non est meum, si mugiat Africis
malus procellis, ad miseras preces 810
decurrere et votis pacisci,
ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
addant avaro divitias mari :
tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ
tutum per Ægæos tumultus
aura feret geminusque Pollux.

Odes, III, xxix.

To another of his friends, the grammarian Aristius Fuscus, who, it will be remembered, had shamelessly left him at the mercy of the bore, Horace addressed one of the most frequently quoted of all his poems—the famous ode in which he claims the special protection of the gods for those who, like himself, are "upright in life and free from sin."

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
  Fusce, pharetra,

sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
  lambit Hydaspes.

namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
terminum curis vagor expeditis,
  fugit inermem.

quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
nec Iubæ tellus generat, leonum
  arida nutrix.

pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
  Iuppiter urguet;

pone sub curru nimium propinqui
solis in terra domibus negata:
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
  dulce loquentem.

Odes, I, xxii.

We may take it for granted that Horace had never forgotten the hardy peasantry of Apulia among whom his childhood had been spent. On his Sabine estate now he renewed his acquaintance with the class whose practical virtues have been so well described by his friend Vergil.

> Durum ab stirpe genus natos ad flumina primum
> deferimus sævoque gelu duramus et undis ;
> venatu invigilant pueri silvasque fatigant ;
> flectere ludus equos et spicula tendere cornu.
> at patiens operum parvoque adsueta iuventus
> aut rastris terram domat aut quatit oppida bello.
> omne ævum ferro teritur, versaque iuvencum
> terga fatigamus hasta ; nec tarda senectus
> debilitat vires animi mutatque vigorem :
> canitiem galea premimus, semperque recentis 850
> comportare iuvat prædas et vivere rapto.
>
> Æn. IX, 603-613.

Horace, too, as we shall see, had noted well the simple virtues of the poor—their hardihood, their thrift, their industry, and their self-denial —and these in many an ode he sets in strong contrast to the foolish luxury of the capital. In the following address to the thrifty housewife, Phidyle, the poet inculcates, in his own way, the lesson of "the widow's mite":

> Cælo supinas si tuleris manus
> nascente luna, rustica Phidyle,
>   si ture placaris et horna
>   fruge Lares avidaque porca,
> nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
> fecunda vitis nec sterilem seges
>   robiginem aut dulces alumni
>   pomifero grave tempus anno.
> nam quæ nivali pascitur Algido 860
> devota quercus inter et ilices
>   aut crescit Albanis in herbis
>   victima, pontificum secures

cervice tinguet : te nihil attinet
temptare multa cæde bidentium
parvos coronantem marino
rore deos fragilique myrto.
immunis aram si tetigit manus
non sumptuosa blandior hostia,
mollivit aversos Penates 870
farre pio et saliente mica.

Odes, III, xxiii.

But much as we should like to dwell with Horace in his rural home, we must emerge with him among those whom

The camp delights, and bugle-call
With clarion mingling, and the brawl
Of fight by matrons hated.[1]

XIII

AFTER the removal of Lepidus from power in 36 B.C. Cæsar had taken over the whole management of the Western Empire. His victory over Pompeius and his successful frontier wars had raised his prestige and secured for him the good-will of every peace-loving Roman. Torn as she had been by years of civil strife, Italy now rejoiced to find her prosperity returning under the fostering influence of law and order, and the heart of her people went out in gratitude to the man whose courage and perseverance had wrought this welcome change. But even the Italians, despite their security, must have looked forward with gloomy forebodings to the possible return of that other ruler whose unscrupulous conduct had already brought much misery upon them. Cæsar, too, with his usual clearness of vision, must have begun to see that with himself now lay the solution of the problem of government not only of Italy but of the whole Empire. In the long years of senatorial misgovernment men had lost sight of the old Roman ideas of discipline and duty to the State, and it was to be Cæsar's work henceforth to secure the loyalty of all good citizens to himself and his rule, to subordinate his own interests to those of the State, to identify himself with all measures for her welfare, and so to revive among the Roman people a belief in justice, in progress, and in a wider patriotism than they had hitherto known. As long, however, as the Empire was divided against itself Cæsar knew that the realization of his hopes was altogether impossible, and one cannot help thinking that in the end he even welcomed a rupture with his colleague. To the beneficent rule of Cæsar in Italy the negligence of Antony in the East formed a striking contrast. The latter had now deserted Octavia, and, to the disgust of his countrymen, was living among "the wrinkled eunuchs of Cleopatra, a voluntary slave to a woman." In public affairs Antony's spasmodic attempts at establishing the rule of Rome met with nothing but failure, while his

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[1] Castra iuvant et lituo tubæ
permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus
detestata.

Odes, I, i. 23-25.